

grand father to talk to us but he said let the boys do the talking. Brother Koontz being the biggest boy we made him do all the talking. He gave us a "feast of fat things" and we sat back and enjoyed it. After we complied with the teaching of the gospel, with the Spirit of Christ resting upon us, we sung a hymn and went out. The Lord's ways are ways of pleasantness and his paths are paths of peace.

ALVIN BYERS.

Pittsburg Echoes

On the morning of Oct. 11, wife and I left Pittsburg to spend a few days with the North Georgetown and Louisville brethren. We arrived at North Georgetown all right and were taken to the pleasant home of brother Joseph Heestand. Preached for the brethren on Saturday evening, Sunday morning and evening. We had splendid attendance. Monday morning we continued our journey to Louisville where we spent happy hours in the homes of Brother Smith and Brother Keim. We dealt out the words of life to the brethren there for five evenings, and we had a very pleasant meeting though we had some unpleasant weather and other inconveniences to contend with. These churches need some good, energetic man to take charge of them as they are sadly in need of a shepherd. We returned home on Saturday and found everything in working order. We left our pulpit in charge of brother W. G. Gans, of East Pittsburg, and he did his work well. We wish to thank the North Georgetown and Louisville people for their kindness to us, while we were in their midst.

Our work here is progressing very nicely, and we are expecting to open our revival before long. We hope and pray that the Lord will bless us with many precious sheaves.

We are sorry to state that brother D. J. Bole's wife and little son have been suffering with diphtheria, but we are glad to say that they are recovering at present, and we hope to soon see them in our midst again. Brother Dan seems to have his share of sickness in the past month as his little daughter has just recovered from a mild attack of scarlet fever. Pray for us and our work here.

ROGER E. DARLING.

5020 Dearborn St.

The sword of the Spirit is two edged,—one to wound, and one to heal.

"We can "see life" only by looking beyond it.

Matrimonial

GRAY—WILLIAMS—At the home of the brides' parents six miles east of Warsaw, Ind., Sunday October 23, 1898, Miss Maggie Williams and Mr. B. F. Gray. Miss Williams has been an active member of the Brethren church and her husband of the Christian church. They will make their home in Illinois. The best wishes of their many friends go with them.

C. F. YODER.

Our Dead

STROUSE.—George J. Strouse was born May 31, 1849, died October 8, 1898, aged 49 years, 4 months and 8 days. He lived in Brink Haven and was buried at the Baptist church about three miles from that town. Funeral services by the writer.

J. L. KIMMEL.

GIAR.—Agnes May Merkley-Giar was born in the city of Bloomington, Ill., April 13, 1877, died at the parents' home in Homer township, Medina county, Ohio, October 18, 1898, aged 21 years, 6 months and 5 days. She was a member of the Brethren church at Homer for several years, organist for church, Sunday-school and Kings' Children, always pleasant and cheerful, had many friends who are mourning her early departure, but our loss is her gain. Peace to her ashes. Services by her pastor.

My Bible—Your Bible

A certain pastor was one day called to the house of a man whose wife was dangerously sick and hurrying toward the grave. She was a believing Christian and anxious for the end to come, but her husband was an atheist. He did not hinder the minister's visit, but he himself took no interest in what they read and spoke.

When the last hour came, the atheist stood at the deathbed of his wife. With her last strength the dying woman drew a small English Bible from under her pillow and, holding the book, which was much worn and often bedewed with her tears, up to her husband, she said to him:

"Do you know what book this is?" "Yes, it is your Bible," answered he. But she said, "Yes, it is my Bible: it was my all; this book converted me, raised me up, strengthened me, saved me. I am now going to Him who gave it to me; there, I need it no more. Give me your hands—" and with these words she placed it in his hands, pressed them together, and said:

"Do you know, dear husband, what I am doing?" "Yes, my dear, you are giving me your Bible." "No, I am giving you your Bible; God ordered me to give you this

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sweet legacy before I die; keep it, read it! Will you not promise me to do this?" "Yes, my dear."

Three weeks had passed, and the woman was lying in her grave for some time already, when one day her husband entered the minister's study, weeping like a child.

"Oh, my friend!" cried he, "now I understand what my dying wife meant; yes, it is my Bible; and every word is written for me. Day and night I read in this Book and thank God that it is my Bible. And now I beg you to take me into your congregation, to which my happy wife belonged." "Gladly," answered the minister.

There was joy with the angels of God over this man who had come, not with objections, not with questions, not with doubts, but with his Bible, which was as precious to him as if God had given it to Him directly from Heaven.—*Lutheran Witness*.

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